Persius Flaccus (Aulus). [Lat. & Eng.]

936/121149
£3-10-0

1482. f. 33.

THE FIRST SATIRE OF PERSIUS IMITATED.

By Mr. *LOVELING.*

Infelix lolium, et ſteriles dominantur avenæ.

Virg. Georg.

LONDON:

Printed for JOHN BRETT, and Sold by the Bookſellers of *London* and *Weſtminſter.*

M.DCC.XL.

(Price One Shilling.)

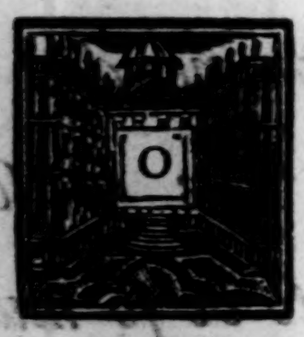
BRITISH MUSEUM
2 56
MAR

Advertiſement to the Reader.

I T wou'd be improper to attempt a Diſſertation upon Perſius *and his Writings, after the Subject has been exhauſted by Mr.* Dryden *in his Dedication of him and* Juvenal *to the Earl of* Dorſet. *Let it ſuffice to ſay, His Satires are ſo full of Moral Inſtruction, that (with the* 10th *of* Juvenal*) they have had the Honour of being recommended by a Biſhop* * *to the ſerious Peruſal of the Clergy. The Obſcurity of them is their only Fault; and that ought not to be ſo much imputed to him, as to the Times in which he wrote. It is hoped this Imitation may tend in ſome meaſure to remove it in the firſt Satire; and if this Eſſay meets with a candid Reception from the Public, it will encourage the Author to proceed in naturalizing the reſt. The main Deſign of this is to ridicule Bad Poets and Bad Orators, and to expoſe the depraved Taſte of* Rome, *in admiring the wretched Performances of* Nero *and his* Nobles. Perſius *then proceeds to excuſe himſelf for writing Satire; and concludes with deſcribing thoſe he deſires to be his Readers, and thoſe whom he forbids to look into him.*

The Shortneſs of the Explanatory Notes renders any Apology for them unneceſſary.

* *The Biſhop of* Saliſbury, *in* 1692.

P.  *Curas hominum! O quantum eſt in rebus inane!*

M. *Quis leget hæc?* P. *Min' tu iſtud ais?* M. *Nemo hercule.*
P. *Nemo?*

M. *Vel duo, vel nemo, turpe & miſerabile.* P. *Quare?*

* *Ne mihi Polydamas, et Troiades Labeonem*
Prætulerint?
———Nugæ. Non ſi quid turbida Roma
Elevet, accedas: examenve improbum in illa
Caſtiges trutina, nec te quæſiveris extra.

* Alludes to *Hector*'s Fear, leſt *Polydamas*, and other *Trojans* equally fooliſh and effeminate, ſhould prefer *Achilles*. *Vide* Il. χ. *Perſius* means *Nero* and his Nobles.

Nam

THE

First Satire of *PERSIUS*

IMITATED.

AUTHOR.

ELUDED Man, by flatt'ring Hopes betray'd,
Thy Cares all real, and thy Joys a Shade!

FRIEND.

Indeed, ſo moral! Pray, Sir, to what End?
Who'll read theſe Verſes?

AUTHOR.

Mine, d'you mean, my Friend?

FRIEND.

Ay, few will read, and fewer ſtill regard;
A mournful Truth----I own your Caſe is hard.

AUTHOR.

Why? leſt my Lord prefer what *Cibber* ſings,
Or *Grubſtreet* Swans delight the Ear of Kings?
Mere Trifles----tho' the Town's capricious Choice
Should damn thy Writings with one common Voice,
Or madly partial ſmile upon thy Lays,
Deſpiſe their Cenſure, and reject their Praiſe;
Weigh all thy Thoughts and Actions in thy Mind,
" Nor ſeek thyſelf without thyſelf to find.

Nam Romæ quis non? ah! ſi fas dicere! ſed fas
** Tunc cum ad canitiem, & noſtrum iſtud vivere triſte*
Aſpexi, & nucibus facimus quæcunque relictis:
Cum ſapimus patruos, tunc, tunc ignoſcite.

——————————————M. *Nolo.*

P. *Quid faciam? ſed ſum petulanti ſplene cachinno.*
Scribimus incluſi, numeros ille, hic pede liber,
Grande aliquid quod pulmo animæ prælargus anhelet.
Scilicet hæc populo, pexuſque togâque recenti,
Et natalitiâ tandem cum ſardonyche albus,
Sede leges celsâ, liquido cum plaſmate guttur
Mobile collueris, patranti fractus ocello.

Hic neque more probo videas, neque voce ſerena
Ingentes trepidare Titos, ubi carmina lumbum
Intrant, & tremulo ſcalpuntur ubi intima verſu.
Tun', vetule, auriculis alienis colligis eſcas?
† *Auriculis, quibus & dicas cute perditus, ohe!*

* This whole Paſſage is variouſly interpreted: Some conjecturing that *Perſius* makes his own Age and Wiſdom, others, that he makes the Folly and Vices of the old Men of that Time, his Excuſe for Writing.

† This is by ſome underſtood to mean, that the Stupidity of his Audience neceſſitates the Poet to point out to them the Paſſages they are to commend; others interpret it, that they are ſo very laviſh of their Commendations, that ſwell'd as he is with Pride (*cute perditus*, a Metaphor taken from one in a Dropſy) he is forced to beg them to deliſt. As in *Hor. L.* 2. *Sat.* 5.

Importunus amat laudari, donec, ohe jam,
Ad Cœlum manibus ſublatis, dixerit.

But where's the *Briton* zealous for Deſert,
And found alike in Judgment and in Heart?
Oh might I ſpeak my Thoughts!----and ſure I may
When Age matures, and Reaſon lends her Ray,
To judge how like is *Duck*'s to *Cibber*'s Song,
And *Freeman*'s Periods to the Flow'rs of *Y*——;
By ſad Experience when I'm taught to know,
And mark the Patriot from his Country's Foe:
Then let me ſpeak, my Friend, and patient hear
The Dictates of my Heart.

FRIEND.

Alas! forbear.

AUTHOR.

What ſhall I do? ſuch Crowds of Fools are ſeen,
As raiſe at once my Laughter and my Spleen.
In Cells or Garrets pent, the Race that write
Invoke the God, conceal'd from vulgar Sight;
At length their coſtive Brains a Maſs diſcloſe
Of creeping Numbers, or heroic Proſe.
In Linnen recent from the Line, and Veſt
From *Monmouth-ſtreet*, the Poet's Wardrobe, dreſt;
To *Curll*'s or *Cooper*'s ſwift the Author flies,
The Marts for Dulneſs, Impudence and Lies;
Songs, Farce, and Prologues by a Hand unknown,
And Dedications ruſh upon the Town.
Behold! the mighty *Briton* ſinks ſupine,
And dwells with Rapture on each languid Line;
While Numbers, void of Nature as of Art,
Steal on the Ear, and captivate the Heart:
'Twas thus his Grace admir'd what *Smedley* writ,
Thus *Popple* charm'd the Boxes with his Wit.
Fool that thou art to proſtitute thy Strain!
And whom to pleaſe? the Wicked, Dull, and Vain;
Praiſe from the Wiſe I grant a Poet's Meed,
But Praiſe from ſuch is Infamy indeed.

Quo didiciſſe, niſi hoc fermentum, & quæ ſemel intus
** Innata eſt, rupto jecore exierit caprificus?*

En pallor, ſeniumque. O mores! uſque adeone
Scire tuum nihil eſt, niſi te ſcire hoc ſciat alter?

At pulchrum eſt digito monſtrari, & dicier: Hic eſt.
Ten' cirratorum centum dictata fuiſſe,
Pro nihilo pendas?

——————Ecce inter pocula quærunt
Romulidæ ſaturi, quid dia poemata narrent.
Hic aliquis, cui circum humeros hyacinthina læna eſt,
Rancidulum quiddam balba de nare locutus;
Phyllidas, Hypſipylas, vatum & plorabile ſi quid
Eliquat; & tenero ſupplantat verba palato.
Aſſenſere viri:

——————Nunc non cinis ille Poetæ
Felix? nunc levior cippus non imprimit oſſa?
Nunc non è tumulo fortunataque favilla
Naſcentur violæ?

——————Rides (ait) & nimis uncis
Naribus indulges; an erit qui velle recuſet
Os populi meruiſſe, & cedro digna locutus,
Linquere nec ſcombros metuentia carmina nec thus?

* A proper Metaphor for the poetic Phrenſy: The wild Fig-tree being an unfruitful Plant, whoſe Shoots force through the ſtrongeſt Obſtacles.

But why, cries Popple, *why to me alone?*
Why have I read and writ? to be unknown?
The Poet's Fire is kindled in my Breaſt,
And burns too bright, too ſtrong to be ſuppreſt.
The Poet's Fire! retract that ſacred Name,
'Tis Itch of Rhime, and fooliſh Luſt of Fame;
Is Merit nought, tho' modeſtly conceal'd,
" And is not Science Science ſtill reveal'd?
" *Oh but 'tis fine to mark the gazing Throng,*
And hear the Whiſpers as you paſs along;
" *Behold the Bard to deathleſs Glory rais'd,*
" *By Kings rewarded, and by Nobles prais'd!*
And is the Verſe a deſpicable Thing,
Which Pages read, and Maids of Honour ſing?
See! while our Fops o'er Midnight Bowls debate,
The Muſe blaſpheming with their ſenſeleſs Prate;
Some Thing of Silk, ſo pert, from *Henchliffe*'s dreſt,
In Taſte, as Cloaths, conſpicuous o'er the reſt;
With Head reclin'd laments the State forlorn
Of *Waller*'s Love, and *Sachariſſa*'s Scorn:
Then the ſoft Critic blunders on a Song,
Repeats, affects a Liſp, pronounces wrong;
And while he murders, hacks, and mauls each Line,
The maudlin Audience ſqueak, " by Gad 'tis fine!
O Poet, crown'd with never-fading Bays,
While ſuch recite, and ſuch vouchſafe to praiſe!
How fair thy Fame unutterably bleſt!
Lies not the Earth leſs heavy on thy Breaſt?
Now do not Roſes flouriſh, Myrtles bloom,
And Spring breathe all its Fragrance on thy Tomb?
But hold (cries one) *methinks you're too ſevere,*
For once be candid, and put off the Sneer;
Lives there the Poet that would ſcorn Renown,
Whoſe Works might claim the Praiſe of Court and Town;
Nor fear the Fate of Ralph's *or* Mitchel's *Lay,*
Or Gazetteers, *the Beings of a Day?*

Non ego, cum ſcribo, ſi forte quid aptius exit,
Quanquam hæc rara avis eſt, ſi quid tamen aptius exit,
Laudari metuam. Neque enim mihi cornea fibra eſt.
Sed recti finemque extremumque eſſe recuſo
Euge tuum, & belle. Nam belle hoc excute totum;
Quid non intus habet?

———————* *Non eſt hic Ilias Actii*
Ebria veratro? non ſi qua Elegidia crudi
Dictarunt proceres? non quicquid denique lectis
Scribitur in citreis?

———————*Calidum ſcis ponere ſumen,*
Scis comitem horridulum trita donare lacerna:
Et verum, inquis, amo; verum mihi dicite de me.
(Qui pote? Vis dicam? Nugaris, cum tibi, Calve,
Pinguis aqualiculus propenſo ſeſquipede extet.

O Jane, a tergo quem nulla ciconia pinſit,
† *Nec manus auriculas imitata eſt mobilis albas;*
Nec linguæ, quantum ſitiat canis Appula, tantum!

* Almoſt all the Commentators explain *Hic* to mean *Perſius*'s own Satires; tho' it ſeems a much better Conſtruction to make it refer to *Belle*, and be explanatory of *Quid intus habet*. Both the Senſes are comprehended in the Imitation.

† This is imagined to be ironically ſpoken of *Nero*. It expreſſes the three Methods in Uſe among the *Romans*, of ſtanding behind a Perſon, and ridiculing him. 1. By imitating with the Fore-finger a Stork's Beak pecking his Skull. 2. By holding up Aſſes Ears. 3. By lolling out the Tongue.

If here ſome happy Lines ſhould ſtrike thy View,
(Tho' *Banks* or *Euſden* ſcarce could write ſo few)
Think not that Praiſe, when juſt, I quite diſclaim;
Nor fond, nor yet inſenſible of Fame;
But you no doubt are ſtrangely in the wrong
To court the random Praiſes of the Throng:
Inglorious Pride! by this their Value rate,
They once were heap'd on *Settle*, *Crown*, and *Tate*;
And now they light on *Bubo*'s gentle Lays,
On *Young*'s low Flatt'ry, and on *Thompſon*'s Plays.
Applauſe to me will ſurely be denied,
Who ne'er could ſtoop to ſooth a Coxcomb's Pride;
Who ſing no Birth-day Odes by Sack inſpir'd,
Songs by the Court and vulgar Great admir'd;
Nor Thread-bare Theme of *S--ckv---*'s flimzy Strain,
A falſe *Lucinda*, or a dying Swain.
Thee, *Bubo*, Wealth to aim at, Wit betrays,
And bribe a hungry Poet into Praiſe;
To bid the Critic from his Cellar riſe,
With Beef regale him, and with Port ſurpriſe:
Then with ſome paltry Song to bleſs his Sight,
And cry, " Speak Truth, for Truth's my dear Delight.
Truth from a Paraſite! it cannot paſs;
Dares the ſleek Chaplain ſay my Lord's an Aſs?
Incline thine Ear to what theſe Lines impart,
And hear, for once, the Language of the Heart:
That ſwelling Paunch profanes *Apollo*'s Shrine,
The Friends of *B--d--ns* muſt be Friends of thine.
O *George*, *Britannia*'s Father! whoſe great Mind
Explores the latent Springs that move Mankind,
And knows to ſcorn the Incenſe Flatt'ry brings,
That ſweeteſt Off'ring to the Ear of Kings;
So chaſte, ſo wiſe, ſo juſt, no Pen can raiſe,
No Wit can ſneer thee with a Face of Praiſe,
Nor Envy take one Virtue from thy Store,
Nor *Cibber*, *Young*, and *Philips* give thee more.

Vos O Patricius ſanguis, quos vivere fas eſt
Occipiti cæco, poſticæ occurrite ſannæ.)
* *Quis populi ſermo eſt? Quis enim, niſi carmina molli*
Nunc demum numero fluere, ut per læve ſeveros
Effundat junctura ungues. Scit tendere verſum
Non ſecus ac ſi oculo rubricam dirigat uno.
† *Sive opus in mores, in luxum, in prandia Regum,*
Dicere res grandes noſtro dat Muſa Poetæ.

Ecce modo heroas ſenſus afferre videmus
Nugari ſolitos Græce, nec ponere lucum
Artifices; nec rus ſaturum laudare, ubi corbes,
Et focus, & porci, fumoſa Palilia fœno:
Unde Remus, ſulcoque terens dentalia, Quinti,
Quem trepida ante boves Dictatorem induit uxor,
Et tua aratra domum lictor tulit.

——————————Euge, Poeta;

‖ *Eſt nunc, Briſæi quem venoſus liber Acci:*
Sunt, quos Pacuviuſque, & verrucoſa morentur
§ *Antiopa, ærumnis cor luctificabile fulta.*
Hos pueris monitus patres infundere lippos
Cum videas, quæriſne unde hæc ſartago loquendi
Venerit in linguas? unde iſtud dedecus, in quo
Troſſulus exultat tibi per ſubſellia lævis?

* This is a Queſtion put by the vain Poet to his Flatterers, with the Anſwer *Perſius* ſays they will certainly make.

† *Mores* is to expreſs Comedy, the Manners of the Times being the proper ſubject Matter of it. For the ſame Reaſon *luxum* ſtands for Satire; as does *prandia Regis* for Tragedy, in Alluſion to *Seneca's Thyeſtes*, who unknowingly feaſted on his own Children.

‖ i. e. *Bacchiſi, a Baccho qui Briſæus dictus eſt.* *Accius* wrote a Tragedy called *Bacchas.*

§ The Name of a Tragedy of *Paccuvius*, from whence this Line is taken.

Ye Peers, who deviate from the Light of Truth,
Hood-wink'd by Titles, Folly, Pride, or Youth,
Reject the Flatt'rer for the Heart ſincere,
And drive the *Cooks* and *Welſteds* from your Ear.
Begirt with Pimps of Praiſe his Lordſhip ſtands,
And thus, ſecure of Flatt'ry, makes Demands:
Like ye my Play? " 'tis admirably great!
My Song to Celia? " exquiſitely ſweet!
To you, my Lord, in Satire *Donne*'s a Fool,
And *Dryden* flat, and *Garth* exceſſive dull;
You rule the Paſſions with your Tragick Lays,
And move like *Otway*, or like *Shakeſpear* raiſe:
Each Sphere of Poetry your Talents fit,
Your's *Milton*'s noble Flame, and *Congreve*'s Wit.
See *Roſalind* forſaken for the Stage,
And *Namby Pamby* burn with Tragick Rage!
A Wretch who ſcarce could paint a rural Scene
Of purling Rills, or Meadows all in green:
Where *Stair* and *Cobham*, Names to *Britain* dear,
Names which the Virtuous and the Wiſe revere,
Sick of the Fool's and Paraſite's Reſort,
Retire, illuſtrious Exiles from a Court!
Philips proceed! in theſe auſpicious Days
What Muſe can fail of Patrons or of Praiſe?
Great *Mitchell* charm'd our *Atlas* with his Song;
A Queen had *Duck*, and *Doddington* has *Young*.
Some ſhake their Sides at **Jacob*'s comick Vein,
And ſome admire Sir *Richard*'s rumbling Strain,
" Collected in himſelf while *Arthur* ſtood,
" Himſelf an Army, and his Spear a Wood.
Ask you why Senſe and Genius are ſo ſcarce,
And Wit and Humour dwindle into Farce,
Why fulſome Jeſts and Ribaldry engage
The Courtier, Templar, Citizen, and Page?
The Reaſon's obvious: Does not * * * ſit,
Bane of the Muſes, Arbiter of Wit?

* One *Giles Jacob*, Author of a Law Dictionary, and a Comedy call'd, *A Neſt of Plays.*

Nilne pudet capiti non poſſe pericula cano
Pellere, quin tepidum hoc optes audire: decenter?
Fur es, ait Pedio. Pedius quid? Crimina raſis
Librat in antithetis. Doctas poſuiſſe figuras;
Laudatur. Bellum hoc: Hoc bellum? An Romule, ceves?
Men' moveat quippe, & cantet ſi naufragus, aſſem
Protulerim? Cantas, cum fracta te in trabe pictum
Ex humero portes. Verum, nec nocte paratum
Plorabit, qui me volet incurvaſſe querela.

Sed numeris decor eſt, & junctura addita crudis.
Claudere ſic verſum didicit; Berecynthius Attin,
** Et qui cæruleum dirimebat Nerea delphin.*
Sic coſtam longo ſubduximus Apennino.

Arma virum, nonne hoc ſpumoſum, & cortice pingui?
Ut ramale vetus prægrandi ſubere coctum.

* This is ſaid to be *Nero*'s Poetry.

Quidnam

Feign but a Senate where Corruption reigns,
And leads her courtly Slaves in golden Chains,
Where one directs three hundred venal Tongues,
And owes his Grandeur to a People's Wrongs;
To ——'s Favour can the Bard pretend?
No Hints he cries, the Miniſter's my Friend;
And for the *Sock* the Stage is never free,
For draw a Blockhead ——'s Death! the Dog means me!
While Patriots tremble for their Country's Fate,
Hear *Fanny* trifling o'er a falling State!
With quaint Antitheſis he lulls ——————
And ſmoothly flows a gentle Stream of Words;
Charm'd with the Sweets fair Peace's Gifts diſpenſe,
He veils in Tropes his Penury of Senſe;
While flow'ry Courtiers on each Period dwell,
And ſwear his Lordſhip ſpoke exceeding well;
Exceeding well! What's well, Ye ſneaking Band!
Can Quirks and Quibbles ſave a ſinking Land!
Say, Cou'd our *Britiſh* Merchants hope Redreſs,
From jingling Points, and Quibbles, in Diſtreſs;
Or *Jenkins* make a Nation feel his Wrong,
And rouſe the *Britiſh* Lion with a Song?
A Tale of Sorrow varniſh'd o'er with Art,
May ſtrike the Ear, but cannot reach the Heart.
But Poets ſtrive to make their Fuſtian chime,
For Nonſenſe borrows wond'rous Charms from Rhime;
And thus an Act is tagg'd: " I'll ſtand alone,
" And hurl my Thunder, tho' I ſhake my Throne;
" Like Death a ſolitary King I'll reign
" O'er ſilent Subjects and a deſart Plain;
" 'Ere brook their Pride, I'll ſpread a general Doom,
" And ev'ry Step ſhall be from Tomb to Tomb.
If this is Rant, pray what are Milton's *Strains,*
Whoſe Muſe paints Armies on th' Ethereal Plains;
With War's fell Rage deforms the Fields of Light,
And tumbles Angels to the Realms of Night?
Is *Milton* nam'd with *Young?* degen'rate Days!
Thy Lines, great Poet, far tranſcend our Praiſe;

Correctly

Quidnam igitur tenerum, & laxa cervice legendum?
** Torva Mimalloneis implerunt cornua bombis,*
Et raptum vitulo caput ablatura ſuperbo
Baſſaris, & lyncem Mænas flexura corymbis,
Evion, ingeminat: reparabilis adſonat Echo.

Hæc fierent, ſi teſticuli vena ulla paterni
Viveret in nobis? Summa delumbe ſaliva
† Hoc natat in labris; & in udo eſt Mænas, & Attys:

M. *Sed quid opus teneras mordaci radere vero*
Auriculas? Vide ſis, ne majorum tibi forte
Limina frigeſcant: ſonat hic de nare canina
‖ Litera.

——P. *Per me equidem ſint omnia protinus alba.*
Nil moror: Euge omnes, omnes bene, miræ eritis res.

Pinge duos Angues; pueri, ſacer eſt locus: extra
Mejite.
——*Diſcedo. Secuit Lucilius urbem;*
Te, Lupe; te, Muti; & genuinum fregit in illis.

* Theſe four Lines are alſo attributed to *Nero*.—His Tragedy of *Bacchæ*.

† *Perſius* means, ſuch Poetry is not labour'd from the Brain, but is bred, like Spittle, in the Mouth, and runs voluntarily from it.

‖ The Letter *R.* the Sound of which is nearly imitated by the Snarling of Dogs. It is doubtful whether the Meaning is, that the Nobles will ſnarl at you, if you write Satire; or, that there is too much Snarling in your Satires to pleaſe the Nobles.

Correctly bold, and musically strong,
They leave a doubtful Palm to *Homer*'s Song.
What Verses then run languishingly slow,
With lulling Cadence and an easy Flow?
" Projected Stones in rocky Tempests fly,
" And Show'rs of Arrows fill the troubled Sky;
" Their brawny Arms destructive Jav'lins throw,
" And glitt'ring Darts on deadly Errands go.
Oh, where's our manly Spirit once ador'd!
Is *Britain*'s Genius blunted like her Sword?
'Tis Noise and Froth that *Young* or *Blackmore* sings,
Tho' both were favour'd with the Smiles of Kings.

FRIEND.

To Prudence lost, thou know'st not where to bite;
O Fool, what mention Hell to Ears polite!
Truths so invidious will a Court commend,
His Grace reward, a Minister befriend?

AUTHOR.

Well, well, I've done; my Muse correct thy Lays,
All, all have Virtues, and let all have Praise:
Sir *W--l--* in Senate shines for Freedom bold,
P—— has a strong Antipathy to Gold;
Horace each Gift of Nature and of Art,
And *R----d* Sense, and *G----ch* an honest Heart.
Peace, Peace, ye wicked Wits, imagine here
A Messenger, a special Jury there;
Let Sense and Goodness both attend on State,
Nor charge one Vice or Folly on the Great:
In *K*-----'s Life how lovely Virtue shines!
What Strength and Sweetness grace *T*-----'s Lines!
What Succours * *Waters* to the Needy brings!
What wond'rous Wisdom beams from Stars and Strings!
But must an honest Muse no Freedom have,
And, if the Good she praises, spare the Knave?
Shall *Dryden* lash the Blockhead and the Rogue,
In *Doeg*, and *Achitophel*, and *Og*;

* Mr. *Peter Waters*, a Gentleman *equally* famous for his Honesty and Charity, a remarkable Instance of which was about a Twelve-month since mentioned in the Papers, in which he was said to have distributed 1,000 *l.* among poor Widows, on account of a fortunate Escape from a Fall out of his Chariot.

. Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, & admiſſus circum præcordia ludit:
Men' mutire nefas, nec olam, nec cum ſcrobe? Nuſquam.
Hic tamen infodiam: Vidi, vidi ipſe, libelle.
** Auriculas aſini quis non habet?*

——————————————Hoc ego opertum,
Hoc ridere meum, tam nil, nulla tibi vendo
Iliade.

———Audaci quicumque afflate Cratino,
Iratum Eupolidem prægrandi cum ſene palles,
Aſpice & hæc, ſi forte aliquid decoctius audis.
Inde vaporata lector mihi ferveat aure:

Non hic qui in crepidas Grajorum ludere geſtit
Sordidus, & luſco qui poſcit dicere, luſce,
Seſe aliquem credens; Italo quod honore ſupinus,
Fregerit heminas Areti Ædilis iniquas:
Nec qui abaco numeros, & ſecto in pulvere metas
Scit riſiſſe vafer: multum gaudere paratus,
Si Cynico barbam petulans † Nonaria vellat.

His mane edictum, poſt prandia Callirhoen do.

• Moſt Commentators imagine *Perſius* meant *Nero* by *Quis non*, *Whereas doubtleſs* he alluded to the known Story of King *Midas*, as does the Imitator to that of King *David*.

† The Romans gave their Harlots that Appellation from *Nonæ* (the *Nones* of the Month) which were reckoned *infauſtæ*; or more probably from the *Nona hora*, as they might not be reſorted to till that time in the Afternoon.—*This polite Age make no Difference in Hours.*

L. Ult. Some conjecture that *Nero* wrote a Poem called *Callirhoe*, and make *Perſius* mean, they may ſpend their Afternoon in hearing him recite his Verſes; others imagine it to be the Name of ſome noted *Courteſan.*

Shall *Pope*, ſworn Foe to Knave and Fool, aſſail 'em;
In *Timon*, *Chartres*, *Peter*, *Ward*, and *Balaam*;
And I, tho' meaneſt of the tuneful Throng,
Not laugh at *O*----'s Loves, and *S*-----'s Song:
In covert Satire to the ſilent Ear,
Not whiſper, *Some one's an Adulterer?*
Yes, I will ſneer the Follies of Mankind,
Nor change this little Privilege of Mind,
For all the Strains immortal *Boileau* ſings,
Whoſe penſion'd Muſe could ſtoop to flatter Kings;
Or thoſe that *Marlb'rough* like an Angel draw,
Or thine, O *Prior*, tho' they prais'd *Naſſau*.
O thou, whom *Shakeſpeare*'s heav'nly Genius warms,
Whom *Fletcher*'s Wit, or *Johnſon*'s Humour charms!
Whoe'er thou art, to Virtue's Cauſe a Friend,
My ardent Zeal, tho' not my Verſe, commend;
Read this, and if thou ſeeſt one faultleſs Line,
Be thine the Profit, and the Pleaſure's mine.
Far be the Fop, who, impotent of Thought,
Derides the Leſſons *Locke* and *Newton* taught;
Thinks Parts and Senſe to Form and Mien confin'd,
Cries *Pope* is ſhort, and *Saunderſon* was blind:
Braggart and puft, a Pander to his Grace,
And dubb'd a 'Squire by ſome low paltry Place;
Scorn of the Wiſe, the Virtuous, and the Brave,
Tool to a Tool, and Minion of a Slave.
And far be thoſe who dictate to our Youth,
That *Tindal*'s Footſteps are the Paths of Truth;
Who Truths reveal'd for idle Rumours take,
And damn Religion for Religion's ſake;
At Jeſts profane in fooliſh Raptures ſit,
How *Woolſton* ſeaſons Argument with Wit!
Let Fools like theſe each Morn the Great attend,
Each Noon with *Cibber*, *Naſh*, or *Bodens* ſpend;
Till Evening calls 'em to their uſual Rings,
From Court to *Hayward*'s, *Mordington*'s, or *King*'s.

F I N I S.

BRITISH MUSEUM 1856 MAR 11

FINIS.